

The Mirror

OF

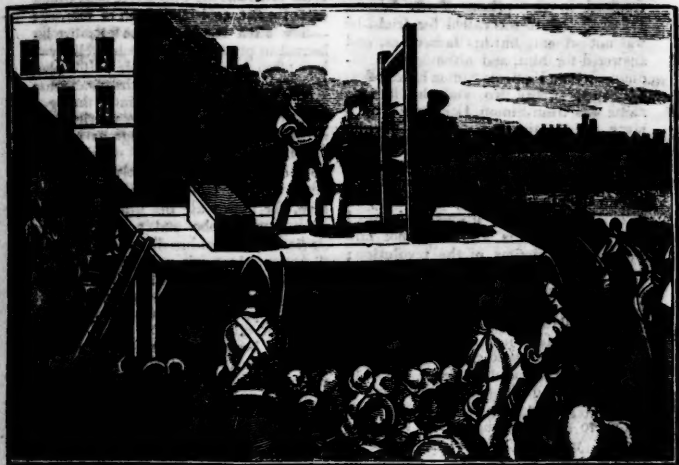
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CL]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1824.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Guillotine.



When the guillotine was first introduced in France, an Englishman, anxious, no doubt, for the honour of his country! claimed the invention as English; and proved, or attempted to prove, that it was used in those times which gave rise to the proverbial prayer, *From H—ll, Hull, and Halifax, good Lord deliver us*, times which from this prayer would seem to have been the prototype of the French revolution; be this as it may, Dr. Guillotin, a very worthy, honest and humane man, was himself the inventor, and proposed it out of humanity to avoid the barbarous scenes of beheading by the axe. The revolutionary government ordered it to be tried on certainly an innocent victim, for it was a sheep, and had its employment been confined only to the wolves of the revolution, such as Egalité, Orleans, Robespierre, Carrier, St. Just, Hebert, Legendre, Fouquier, Thiville, Panis, Sergent, Vadier, Louis du Bas Rhin, Vauvland, &c., humanity would have to rejoice instead of deploring the use of an instrument which disposes of life with such terrible dispatch, but, alas! the best, the most virtuous of men were almost exclusively the victims of Dr. Guillotin's inventive genius, for it is

VOL. IV.

M

to be lamented, that the prophecy of one of them at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, has been but very partially fulfilled. *I suffer (said he) when the people has lost its reason; you will perish when it has recovered it.* The guillotine was permanently established throughout the greatest part of France, and it is said, that it was owing to the republican zeal of Quillac that it was established at Calais, a circumstance which will never be either forgotten or pardoned by the natives. As the operation of guillotining occupies only a few seconds, the committees of blood were soon rid of their victims, and such was the criminal intention to the innocence or guilt of the parties, that the agents would go over the cells and mark at random the doors with chalk; the inmates of all so marked, were led the next morning to the scaffold, and one man's life was saved by his door being open at the time of their visit, they chalked it, but on its being shut the mark was inside, and he escaped.

On one occasion the executioner had a list of twenty-eight victims given him, and only twenty-seven could be found; he said to the rest of the prisoners, "My number is twenty-eight, and I will not

161

go without them, so arrange it as you like;" one of those not condemned, said, "Well, it is no matter whether it be to-day or to-morrow, I will make up the number;" the executioner instantly bound his hands, cut off his hair, and he suffered with the rest.

Loizerolles, father and son, were both confined in the prison of St. Lazare, Loizerolle, Jun. was called for trial—he was not present, but his father was, and answered for him, and although the indictment bore François-Simon Loizerolles, *filz*, aged twenty-two, and the father's name was Jean-Simon Loizerolles, aged sixty one, against whom there was no charge, Coffinhal, without hesitation, changed the names and age in the indictment, and this heroic parent gave life a second time to his child by a sacrifice the most sublime, that of his own existence!

Instances of this kind were not rare amongst the victims of the revolution; parents tried to substitute themselves for their children, and children for their parents; and frequently, alas! the god-like attempt only served to involve both in one common fate.

Executions were so common, that they ceased to excite sentiments of horror in the generality of the people; they went to them as parties of pleasure; and sorry are we to add, that the sex, so timid, so modest, until the barriers of virtue are broken down, seemed most to enjoy the spectacle of uncounted thousands murdered, whose only crimes were their fidelity to God and to the king. At length, very few attended, unless there were several cart-loads to be executed, if there were only fifteen or twenty to be guillotined, it was not thought worth the while; it is only the *little basket*, said the monsters, it is not worth going to see. In general the sufferers displayed the most heroic courage, with the exception of the blood thirsty monsters, who after sending thousands of innocent victims to the scaffold, expiated their own crimes there; these wretches were in general pusillanimous at their last moments.

The view we have given (from a drawing by a Parisian artist) represents the Place de Grève, with the guillotine, and Louvel, the assassin of the Duke de Berri, just at the moment he is about to be precipitated under the axe of the guillotine; he is attached to the board which turns on a hinge and slides to the block to receive the head; there were upwards of sixty thousand persons present, and the place was lined with troops nine deep; the soldier on horseback is in the act of giving a blow with the flat side of his sabre as he galloped over the square, his

horse fell with him, and he had his thigh broken; in the distance is a view of Port Notre Dame.

MARRIAGE.

(For the Mirror.)

How often has the Poet's lyre been strung to aid the sacred institution of marriage—how often has the stern moralist laboured to prove its inestimable felicity—how often has the venerable philosopher left the boundless labyrinths of abstruse science to join the consecrated throng—how often has the war-worn warrior, hardened by the din of clangorous swords, sought repose in the lap of matrimony—how often has the princely head, that bears a regal crown, sought a pleasure here, far above all the glittering pomp of a purple robe and a golden *surcoat*—how often has the votary of profligacy and lust, when disgusted with his sensual appetite, sweetened and received forgiveness and happiness at the shrine of matrimony—how often have individuals, of all classes, and of all nations, found a beacon here, which directs and guides them to that standard of bliss from whence they can wave the banner of continued love and harmony, and bid defiance to the many restless follies of life?

Men, though pursuing various courses, are all endeavouring to gain that grand central boon, happiness. But how opposite are the various means adopted in order to realize this treasure.

The hermit exclaims,

"O! solitude, bless'd state of man below."

And the more busy and covetous,—

"Drank with the burning scent of pleasure or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die."

Man was neither created to seclude himself from the scene of life, nor to worship fortune's "glittering wave;" but that he should acknowledge the omnipotent power of his maker, by promoting those laws and institutions which that power has thought fit, in his wise dispensations, to create for the blessing of man. It is the fundamental duty of man first to regulate his own actions so that they may prove conducive to his happiness here, and essential to the blessings of eternity, and then to look around him, and, if he is capable, render assistance to others, and not that we should imitate Diogenes, who degraded himself below the brute creation, or Pythagoras, who, when invited to a wedding gave this answer;—"I never desire to go to such a feast, or be present at a funeral;" nor like Tom Dupperwit, who would not admit

marriage to be either a heaven or hell upon earth, but "rather that middle state, commonly known by the name of purgatory."

Marriage was instituted in Heaven.—"The first marriage was in Paradise—the first persons conjoined were the first parents of mankind, and the great dispenser of all good was the author of their union." With such an example as this, who will not exclaim, with Shakespeare, that marriage "is a pattern of celestial peace?" Indeed I look upon marriage as an institution which creates all those finer ties of love and friendship which softens the heart and purifies the mind.

The marriage state is sometimes not productive of happiness, but it generally happens where virtue is absent.—

"No means of happiness when virtue yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruins every virtuous joy."

But these are but few in comparison to the number of marriages that daily occur. When the holy bond is cemented by the tie of continued love, and the heart vibrates at the pleasing impulse, we care little what that undescrivable wanderer, the bachelor may say, for we

"By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A Paradise below!"

"Marriage," says Dr. Johnson, "is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness." It is a state not only suited to the conditions of some few individuals, but appropriated to all persons under all circumstances—extended to the concave arch of Heaven, and of incalculable duration. It will brighten affliction's gloomy countenance, and make sorrow wear a cheerful garment. It will deck the humble and contented cot with almost heavenly bliss, and waft its fragrance even to the most remote recesses of poignant misery.

If we trace marriage to a low state we may there see cheerfulness and contentment depicted even in the white-washed wall and the clean fire-side, where, though luxury is unknown, the husband returns from his diurnal labour, and rests in the bosom of felicity, while the scanty mite is sweetened when distributed by a wife's hands. But, say some, how is the marriage state when surrounded by a family? Why, if possible, enjoying more felicity: they, instead of detracting, in the least degree, from the happiness of this state, present themselves as living images and tokens of love, who live to cheer the parent when life shall almost have spun its

M 2

web. "But," says Mr. Place, in one of his works on Population, "this increase of inhabitants will not do, unless a method can be discovered without being injurious to health, or destructive to female delicacy, to prevent conception." Were I disposed to leave our immediate subject, much could be urged on the suggestion of this abominable idea. But, to be brief, is Mr. Place not aware, that an estimate has been made in England and America, and that there is not more than one person to several acres, and that one acre will support two persons comfortably.

To trespass a little further, marriage has been, by all nations, whether civilized or barbarous, ancient or modern, held with respect and veneration. We have instances of it on record from the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans, &c. &c.; indeed, many burthens have at various periods been imposed upon the bachelors, and honourable rewards offered to those who entered the marriage state. Lycurgus and Augustus erected many severe laws to that effect. In short, if we turn our attention to the manner in which this ceremony is conducted, whether it be by Arabs, Grecians, Turks, Russians, Spaniards, or Greenlanders, or Laplanders, we shall find that all, in their native ceremony, pay respect and love to this state. The Samoides and Thibets are the most careless. I believe, a verbal consent forming the marriage ceremony; in short, the women are allowed a plurality of husbands, but these are rare exceptions.

Many persons take a too superficial view of the marriage life, only looking at the few difficulties with which it is sometimes entailed; and by this means make that appear unproductive of happiness, which was by God himself instituted for the promotion of comfort in all his creatures. If the married man has more anxiety and cares than he who enjoys celibacy, he has, at the same time, a far greater portion of real felicity than the bachelor can possibly enjoy. Bishop Taylor, who seems to have well known the human character, has left some valuable truths on this head, which, though brief, contain much of sterling nature. He says, "Marriage is a school and exercise of virtue; and though marriage has its cares, yet the single life hath desires, which are more troublesome, and more dangerous, and often end in sin, while the cares are but instances of duty and exercises of piety." Here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of Heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God; but she carries but one soul to him;

but the state of marriage fills up the number of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessings of society, and the union of hearts and hands. *** Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness; but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out armies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

As a parting word I am induced to add an observation why marriage too often proves itself but the prickly thorn that belongs to the rose. Marriage, before engaged in, ought to be maturely considered, and formed on the basis of sincerity and affection; when this is not adopted, the result generally is unpropitious. Those marriages, too, that are contracted through the persuasive arts of *friends*, for the purpose of adding wealth to wealth, not unfrequently prove their stability in a court of justice. But when marriage is raised upon the unshaken rock of love and esteem, the

"Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,"

will never cease to flow, but as time glides on, still flow with an almost more rapid stream."

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious bond, true source
Of human offspring, sole property,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee, adulterous lust, was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

I have thrown thus much together which I am sure will meet with approbation from your fair readers, and that it should animate the *imperfect man*, so that he may become that grand and noble treasure to his country, which I consider every married man (who acts as he ought,) to be, is the anxious wish of
Lambeth, July 21. A. B. C.

TRANSLATIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

A FRENCHMAN, attempting to translate the beautiful ode of Pindar, beginning with "αριστον μιν υδωρ," rendered it thus:—

"C'est une excellente chose que l'eau."

A Mr. Moore's translation is hardly better:—

"Water the best of elements we hold."

A countryman of the first mentioned gentleman displayed much the same felicity in rendering the spirited address in Silius Italicus of Scipio to Hannibal:—

Perfidè tandem
Expectatus ades.

Ah, perfide!
Tu parais fort à propos.

While I am on this subject, I cannot refrain from the epitaph in the Greek Anthologia:—

"Ἐπ' σοι κατὰ γῆς κούφη κόνις οὐρεῖ
Νέαρχε,
ὅρα σε ῥηίδως ἐξερῶσαι κύνας."

Which a friend translates,

"Light lie the dust on thee, Nearchus,
That dogs may sooner get thy carcase."

In a former Number of your work, you gave an epitaph on Franklin. The following was put on his statue, which was erected in the American Congress:—

"Eripuit coelo fulmen, acceptrumque tyranni."

A gentleman, who was no friend of Franklin, translated it in the following couplet:

"On heaven and earth insatiate he would plunder,
Kings of their crowns, Olympus of its thunder."
MUS.

JEANIE MAKENZIE.

(For the Mirror.)

[Since the first appearance of "*Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*," the press has but seldom sent into the world a more interesting work than that to which the following lines owe their birth. "*Aureus, or the Life and Opinions of a Sovereign*," proves that the author has dip'd deeply into the sea of life; and, with a strong and comprehensive mind, laid before the public a volume, that, from the nature of the characters introduced to us, promises to make an impression that will not be easily forgotten.]

Poor Jeanie's sad story lays claim to a sigh,
Nay, more, till the current of feeling is dry,
The soft tears of sympathy flow!
Like the wonder-struck savage, untutor'd and wild,
Her plains were the plaints of Simplicity's child!
Her grief from the fountain of woe.
Cold, houseless, and shiv'ring, poor Jean sat distress'd,
Yet warm and affectionate hugg'd to her breast
Her Charlie! the offspring of love!
Caledonia (her country) was far from her view,
When Jeanie's orisons to Heaven's door flew,
And call'd for relief from above.

'Twas heard! for compassion, like mercy divine!
Encompass'd, and snatch'd her from misery's shrine,
From death and the fangs of despair!
'Twas Gratitude's tear-drop that roll'd down her cheek,
Ere Jeanie, poor Jeanie Mackenzie could speak,
To bless it with *Gratitude's prayer*!

UTOPIA.

THE HARVEST MOON EXPLAINED.

(For the Mirror.)

It is generally believed that the moon rises about 50 minutes later every day

than on the preceding;—but this is true only with regard to places on the equator. In places of considerable latitude there is a remarkable difference, especially in the harvest time, with which, formerly, farmers were better acquainted than astronomers, and gratefully ascribed the early rising of the full moon at that period of the year to the goodness of God, not doubting but that he had ordered it so, on purpose, to give them an immediate supply of moon-light, after sun-set, for their greater conveniency in reaping the fruits of the earth. This phenomenon is owing to the small angle made at that season of the year by the horizon, and the orbit of the moon. As the spectator is carried by the earth's rotation, his horizon will constantly change its situation, and cut the moon's orbit at different points, till it has gone through the whole of it, and the inclination of the orbit to the horizon will be continually changed. Now the difference between the times of the rising of the moon on two successive nights will depend upon the angle which the moon's orbit makes with the horizon: the less the angle is, the less the moon will have descended below the horizon, at the time when it is brought into the same situation it was 24 hours before;—therefore, when the angle is the least, there will be the least difference of the times of the moon's rising. This happens when the first point of Aries rises, at which time, in the latitude of London, there is scarcely 17 minutes difference of the rising for two successive nights. About the 23d Sept. the first point of Aries rises, at which time the moon rises, if then at the full, because she will be at the beginning of Aries. In this case, the moon will rise about the full for several nights, with but a small difference of the times of her rising: this happening in the time of harvest, is called the Harvest Moon.

As the full moon may not be on the 23d Sept. that which happens nearest is called the Harvest Moon. On Sept. 8, the moon will rise full four minutes after six, 32 minutes before the sun sets. On Oct. 8, at 48 minutes after four, nearly half an hour before sun-set;—and both before and after full, rise with but a few minutes difference for several nights.—The same small difference of the time of rising happens every month; but not being at the full moon, and at that time of the year, it is not taken notice of; for the moon can never be full but when she is opposite to the sun, and the sun is never in Virgo and Libra but in our autumnal months, therefore it is plain the moon is never full in the opposite signs, Pisces and Aries, but in these months; and,

consequently, we can have only two full moons, which rise so near the time of sun-set for a week together as before named.—The former is the harvest, the latter the hunter's moon. It may be asked, why we never remark this singular rising of the moon, seeing she is in Pisces and Aries twelve times in the year besides, and must then rise with as little difference as in time of harvest. The answer is plain; for in winter these signs rise at noon, and being then only a quarter of a circle distant from the sun, the moon in them is in her first quarter; but when the sun is above the horizon, the moon's rising is neither regarded nor perceived. In spring, these signs rise with the sun, because he is then in them; and as the moon changeth in them, at that time of the year, she is quite invisible. In summer they rise about midnight, and the sun being then three signs, or a quarter of a circle, before them, the moon is in them about her third quarter—when, rising so late, and giving but very little light, her rising passes unobserved. But in autumn, these signs being opposite to the sun, rise when he sets with the moon in opposition, or at the full, which makes her rising very conspicuous.

The greatest difference of the moon's rising, at London, on two successive nights, is 1 hour and 17 minutes; and this happens when the moon is in the first point of Libra, and therefore at the vernal full moons. In summer our full moons are low, and their stay is short above the horizon, when the nights are short and we have least occasion for moon-light. In winter they go high, and stay long above the horizon when the nights are long, and we want the greatest quantity of moon-light. In this instance of the Harvest Moon, and in many others discoverable by astronomy, the beneficence of the Deity is conspicuous, who has ordered the course of the moon so as to bestow more or less light on all parts of the earth, as their several seasons and circumstances render it more or less serviceable. About the Equator, where there is little variety of seasons, and the weather changes seldom, and at stated times, moon-light is not necessary for gathering in the produce of the ground, and there the moon rises about 50 minutes later each night. In considerable distances from the Equator, where the weather and seasons are more uncertain, the autumnal full moons rise very soon after sun-set for several evenings together, as before stated. At the Polar circles, where the mild seasons are of very short duration, the autumnal moon rises at sun-set from the first to the third quarter. And at

the Poles, where the sun is for half a year absent, the winter moons shine constantly without setting from the first to the third quarter.

CLAVIS.

FLEET MARRIAGES.

Notting Hill, Aug. 10, 1824.

SIR.—Having noticed in the MIRROR several observations relative to *Fleet Marriages*, I beg to hand you the following lines, which are inscribed under an old print in my possession, representing the scene they describe. The print is inscribed "J. June, sculp."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. E. COWMEADOW.

A FLEET WEDDING,

Between a brisk young Sailor and his Land-lady's Daughter, at Rederiff.

SCARCE had the coach discharg'd its trusty fare,
But gaping crowds surround the amorous pair;
The busy piers make a mighty stir!
And whispering, cry, "D'ye want the parson,
Sir?"

Pray step this way, just to the Pen in Hand;
The Doctor's ready there at your command."
"This way, (another cries!) Sir, I declare,
The true and ancient register is here."
Th' alarmed parsons quickly hear the din!
And haste, with soothing words, t' invite 'em in.
In this confusion, jostled to and fro,
Th' enamour'd couple know not where to go,
Till, slow advancing from the coach's side,
Th' experienc'd matron came, (an artful guide:)
She led the way, without regarding either,
And the first parson spliced 'em both together.

BRITAIN'S NAVAL REMEMBRANCE.

From the commencement of the late War, to the Peace of 1802.

[The following record of our Naval Victories, during a period only of nine years, which was printed on a fly-sheet in the year 1802, is deserving of a more permanent record, and we, therefore insert it in the MIRROR. If any of our naval readers could give us a similar list for the subsequent period, we should feel much obliged.—Ed.]

LORD HOOD'S

Destruction of the French Fleet, at Toulon, December 18, 1793.

BROUGHT AWAY.—One of 120, one of 98, one of 74, one 40, one 38, one 36, two of 32, one 28, two of 24, one 20, two of 18, and one of 14 guns.

BURN'T.—In the Grand Arsenal.—One of 84, five of 74, one 78, one 36, one 34, and one of 24 guns.

BURN'T.—In the Inner Road.—Two of 74 guns.

BURN'T.—In the Dock-yard.—One 74, one 36, one 24, and one of 18 guns.

Two of 38 burnt, by mistake, by the

Spaniards; one 32 burnt by the Sardinians on shore; and one 32, one 30, and one of 18 surrendered.

LORD HOWE'S

Glorious Victory, June 1, 1794.

ENGLISH FLEET.—Three of 110, four of 98, two of 80, seventeen of 74, one of 44, two of 38 four of 32, one of 28, and two of 14 guns.

FRENCH FLEET.—Four of 120, ten of 84, fifteen of 74, two of 56, four of 40, one 36, one 30, one 22, and one of 18 guns.

This great and arduous contest ended in the capture of two ships of 84, and four of 74 guns, and two of 74 sunk.

ADMIRAL CORNWALLIS'S

Brave Defence against a very superior Force, June 17, 1795.

BRITISH FLEET.—One ship of 110 guns, four of 74, and two frigates.

FRENCH FLEET.—Thirteen sail of the line, of 80 and 74 guns each, seven frigates, seven rasees, and two brigs.

This severe conflict was sustained from half-past eight in the morning till night, and at length our brave British tars obliged the enemy to sheer off.

LORD BRIDPORT'S

Victory off Port L'Orient, June 23, 1796.

Le Tigre - - 80 } Taken, after a long
Alexander - - 74 } chase, by the Fleet
Le Formidable 74 } under Adml. Lord
Bridport, close in with Port L'Orient.—These ships composed part of a fleet consisting of twelve ships of the line, eleven frigates, and some smaller vessels, more of which would doubtless have been taken, had they not been sheltered by the land.

The British Fleet thirteen sail of the line.—Total of British killed, 31,—wounded, 108.

LORD KEITH'S

Capture of the Dutch Squadron in Sandanba Bay, August 17, 1796.

Two of 84, one 54, one 44, one 40, one 28, one of 26 guns, and a store-ship.

Surrendered by Rear-Admiral Lucas, on capitulation to, and taken possession of, by the squadron under Lord Keith, without firing a gun.

LORD ST. VINCENT'S

Victory off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 14, 1797.

BRITISH FLEET.—Two of 100, two 96, two 90, seven 74, one 64, one 40, three 32, two 18, and one of 12 guns.

SPANISH FLEET.—One of 136, six 112, two 84, eighteen 74, twelve 54, and one of 12 guns.

Night put a period to this hard-fought battle; and notwithstanding the vast superiority of the enemy, British valour deprived them of two ships of 112, one of 80, and one of 74 guns.

LORD DUNCAN'S
Victory off Camperdown, Oct. 11, 1797.

ENGLISH FLEET.—Seven of 74, seven of 64, and two of 50 guns.

DUTCH FLEET.—Three of 74, four of 68, one of 67, two of 64, two of 56, two of 54, one of 48, two of 44, one of 32, one of 26, two of 24, three of 18, and two of 16 guns.

The action of that triumphant day commenced about 40 minutes past noon, and ended in the capture of two of 74, three of 68, two of 64, two of 56, one of 44, and one of 32 guns.

LORD NELSON'S
Triumphant Victory off the Mouth of the Nile, August 1 and 2, 1798.

ENGLISH FLEET.—Thirteen of 74, one of 50 guns, and a brig.

FRENCH FLEET.—One of 120, two of 84, one of 80, one of 78, six of 74, two of 70, two of 44, and two of 36 guns.

It is needless to recount the innumerable instances of British bravery displayed in this action; suffice it to say, that the whole French Fleet were taken or burnt except two ships of the line, and two of 44 guns that escaped.

SIR J. B. WARREN'S
Victory off the N. W. Coast of Ireland, October 12, 13, and 18, 1798.

ENGLISH FLEET.—One of 80, two of 74, three of 44, one of 38, and one of 36 guns.

FRENCH FLEET.—One of 80, one of 46, four of 40, one of 42, two of 36, and a schooner.

To describe distinctly the various evolutions of the ships, or to expatiate on the conduct of the heroes who commanded them, would far exceed our limits; we need only remark, that out of the whole French squadron only three of their smallest ships escaped.

ADMIRAL MITCHELL'S
Victory in the Texel, August 28, and 30, 1799.

BRITISH FLEET.—One of 66, seven of 64, one of 54, two of 50, one of 44, one of 38, and three of 32 guns.

DUTCH FLEET.—One of 74, one of 68, four of 68, one of 66, three of 54, eight of 44, two of 32, three of 24, and one of 16 guns.

All of which surrendered, or were taken

possession of, under the orders of Admiral Lord Duncan, in the New Deep, and within the Texel.

LORD NELSON'S
Victory off Copenhagen, April 2, 1801.

The Danish force, for the defence of Copenhagen consisted of six ships of the line, eleven floating batteries, and one bomb-ship; besides schooners and gun-vessels, supported by the crown battery, with 88 pieces of canon, at the mouth of the harbour; also four sail of the line, with batteries on the Isle of Amack, off the harbour's mouth; these were completely vanquished, and the greater part destroyed after four hours hard fighting.

SIR J. SAUMAREZ'S
Victory off Algieras, July 12, 1801.

The English squadron consisted of five ships of the line, and three frigates; and the combined Spanish and French squadron of ten ships of the line, three frigates, and many smaller vessels, under the command of Admirals De Moreno and Linois.

The issue of this combat was, the San Antonio, of 74 guns, taken, and the Real Carlos and San Hermenegildo, of 112 guns each, took fire and blew up with more than 2,000 souls.

List of Ships captured and destroyed from the different hostile Powers, to the end of the year 1800.

FRENCH.—45 ships of the line, 2 fifties, 130 frigates, and 143 sloops.

DUTCH.—25 ships of the line, 1 fifty, 31 frigates, and 32 sloops.

SPANISH.—8 ships of the line, 18 frigates, and 49 sloops.

Total, 78 ships of the line, 179 frigates, and 224 sloops.

SUSPENSION WIRE BRIDGE AT GENEVA.

COLONEL DUFOUR has made numerous experiments to ascertain the respective strength of different sized wires; and the great superiority of a bundle of wires over the same quantity of iron formed into a bar of equal length with the wires; and for determining the influence of folds, returns, &c. on the tenacity of wire; and the most efficient modes of joining wires, &c. Colonel Dufour has recently erected a Suspension Bridge of Iron Wire at Geneva, of which he gives the following account:—

The preceding researches have been applied with the greatest success, in the construction of two bridges across the

dry ditches of the fortifications of Geneva. The first of these ditches is 33 feet deep, and 108 feet wide, at the site of the bridge; the second is 22 feet deep, and 77 feet wide: they are separated by what is called the counterguard, which is about 70 feet wide, and the top of which is level with the surrounding soil. A stone building is erected on the city edge of the first ditch, which serves as a point of attachment for the wires, as a gate to the city, and also as a station for the persons who have charge of the bridge: a piece of masonry is erected on the counterguard, as a point of support for both bridges; and a third erection of a similar kind serves as an outer gate, and for a support to the end of the outer bridge. The wire used is of the kind called No. 14, in commerce; it is made up into lengths or bundles, each containing 100 wires, and there are three such collections on each side of the bridge. As the line of suspension proceeds uninterruptedly across both ditches and the intervening bank, the length was found too great for one bundle; they were therefore made in shorter lengths, terminating at each end with a ring, and were connected by placing these rings side by side, and passing a strong iron bolt through them. Each single wire was first stretched by a weight of 220 lbs., then made up into bundles of 100 each, which were united by iron ties at successive intervals, and the whole rolled round with iron wire, which gives them the appearance of cords. The longest of these bundles are 120 feet each, the others were made shorter as being more convenient for the situation they would occupy in the line of suspension. From this arrangement it is evident that each of the six main lines of suspension may be considered as one bundle, though consisting of many parts: they are made fast at one extremity to a plate of iron firmly attached to the stone gate before mentioned, then pass over the first ditch, across the stone support on the counterguard, over the second ditch, over the second standard, and finally are made fast to iron bars, which being attached to plates, are loaded with masses of stone, and buried in the earth. From the six principal lines other lines descend, consisting each of twelve wires only, these are made fast to the traverses or pieces of wood, which form the bases of the bridges. On there are mortised long pieces of carpentry, which are bolted together with them, and to which are fastened the railings of the bridges, and then other planks are fastened across these again, forming the path of the bridge. The rapid and complete success of this under-

taking, does great honour to Mr. Dufour. It was not quite finished when M. Pictet wrote his account of it, but would be completed in a few days more. It had been planned and executed in the short space of six months. Its expense was previously estimated at 16,000 francs (about £650 sterling), and the cost amounted to within one or two hundred francs of that sum. This accuracy of estimation is not the least merit of M. Dufour, the engineer. The expectations with regard to the duration of the bridges are all in their favour; the iron is defended from rust by a thick coat of paint, which is to be renewed when required; the wood-work is of select materials, and not being any where in contact with the earth, is not liable to rot. Before constructing the large bridges, a model was made 38 feet long, and having only two suspending lines, each composed of 12 wires of .073 of an inch in diameter. The footway was constructed on 11 wooden traverses, which hung from the suspension lines, each by only four single wires, two at each end. This bridge was submitted to the roughest trials on the part of those persons who were curious to examine it, such as leaping, marching, &c. but without the least accident or failure.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(For the Mirror.)

ÆSCULAPIUS invented the probe. By means of ether, water can be made to freeze in summer. Augustus Caesar established lending houses. Basins were formerly used instead of mirrors. Bladders were used by the Romans to preserve their hair during the night. Chemical names of metals were first given to the heavenly bodies. There has been an instance of an elephant that walked upon a rope (see Suetonius). Fuller's earth was used by the ancients for washing. The streets of Rome have no lights but those placed before the images of saints. Mahomet IV. was very fond of the rannunculus. The Duke of Mantua is said to have had, in his possession, a powder which would convert water instantaneously into ice even in summer. The Greeks and Romans kept servants, whose duty it was to announce certain periods of the day. Ancient watchmen carried bells. Watchmen among the Chinese are placed upon towers. At Petersburg they announce the hour by beating on a suspended plate of iron. Porus, an Indian king, sent to Augustus a man without arms, who with his feet could bend a bow and discharge arrows. Printers originally endeavoured to make the books they printed resemble manu-

scripts. Puppets were employed formerly to work miracles. Chinese puppets put in motion by means of quicksilver. The Roman ladies dyed their hair with plants brought from Germany. Saltpetre is used by the Italians for cooling wine. Thomas Schweicker wrote and made pens with his feet. Soap was invented by the Gauls, used by the Roman ladies as a pomade. Urine was used by the ancients for washing, taxed by Vespasian. Boiled water is said to freeze sooner than un-boiled. Wildman taught bees to obey his orders. The Greek and Roman physicians prepared their own medicines. Gustavus Erickson, King of Sweden, when he died, had no other physicians with him than his barber, master Jacob; an apothecary, master Lucas; and his confessor, magister Johannes. The scales of bleak are used for making artificial pearls. King Charles II. invited to England, Brower, a Fleming, to improve the art of dying scarlet. Buckwheat was not known to the ancients, brought from the north of Asia into Europe about the beginning of the 16th century: sows itself in Siberia for four or five years, by the seed that drops. Butter was known to the Scythians: called by Hippocrates *pikrion*: eaten by the Thracians at the wedding entertainment of Sphicrates: used by the Lusitanians instead of oil: Pliny ascribes its invention to the Germans. The Carthaginians had the first paved streets. Chimnies are not to be traced at Herculaneum. Dogs in Kamtschatka have socks upon their feet to preserve them from the snow. Saint Elizabeth the inventress of Hungary water. Mrs. Dorothy Spreadbury invented the Oxford Sausage. Fowls are said to thrive near smoke. Honey was used by the ancients for preserving natural curiosities. Smoke jacks are of high antiquity. Horses in Japan have their shoes made of straw. The streets in Jerusalem are swept every day. The transformation of insects was little known to the ancients. Justin, Emperor of the West, was so ignorant that he could not write without his secretary guiding his hand. The kitchens of the ancients were insufferably smoky. The streets of London were not paved in the 11th century. Quarantine was first established by the Venetians. The ancients wrote with reeds. Rolender sent the cochineal plant, with live insects on it to Linnæus, at Upsal. The first mention of horse-shoes is in the works of the Emperor Leo. The first account of stirrups is to be found in a book written by the Emperor Mauritius, on the Art of War. Emperors and Kings formerly held the stirrups when priests mounted

their horses. The windows of the ancients had no glass. The use of quills is said to be as old as the 5th century. Reeds continued long in use after quills began to be employed; quills were so scarce at Venice in 1433, that it was with great difficulty men of letters could procure them. Jacob Ehrni was beheaded in the Dutchy of Wurtemberg, for adulterating wine. P. T. W.

TO THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

SMALL, fragile weed, while thus I view
Thy soften'd tint of constant blue,
I pray, in life, whate'er my lot,
May those I love "forget me not."

When parting from the friends I lov'd,
My beating heart with anguish mov'd;
While from the shore the vessel shot,
They each exclaimed, "Forget me not."

When last I left my native plain,
Perhaps ne'er to return again,
Each tree and shrub, on that dear spot,
Appear'd to say, "Forget me not."

From this, thou little lonely weed,
My love for thee does all proceed;
To gaze on thee will bring to thought,
That those I love "forget me not."

J. H. F.

CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY.

(For the Mirror.)

IN the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, Mr. Milne recommends the more extended cultivation of the cranberry. He observes, "I have been long convinced that both species may be grown with much advantage in numberless situations in this island, and have been surprised that cottagers and others, living on or in the neighbourhood of moors and heaths, covered with soil suitable to their growth, have not been advised to cultivate them for the sake of profit. According to Withering's quotation from Lightfoot, twenty or thirty pounds' worth of the berries are sold by the poor people each market-day, for five or six weeks together, in the town of Langton, on the borders of Cumberland. This is a considerable sum for berries picked up from barren wastes, and in a district so thinly inhabited; and it is remarkable that the ready sale for them has not tempted some person to make the trial to supply the market in a more certain and regular way; if they could not be consumed or disposed of in the immediate neighbourhood where they may be grown, they could easily be sent a great distance without the hazard of being spoiled. There is one argument in favour of their cultivation, which is, that they may be made to grow with little trouble, in places and on soils where few other useful plants yet known will grow

to advantage. It may be said that the demand for them will be limited and uncertain; but that may have been said of a number of other things of a similar nature, which now meet with a regular sale, and which the growers, of course, endeavour to cultivate according to the demand they have for them. The American cranberry would be the easiest managed, and most productive for general use; but as many prefer the flavour of the English cranberry, there would also be a demand for it, though at a higher price."

T. A. C.

SONNET,

Written on Visiting the Ruins of Kenilworth Castle, Warwickshire.

On princely Kenilworth's romantic site
I stand, enwrapp'd in shadows of the past!
Those time-clad remnants, yet sublimely vast,
Memorials of magnificence and might,
Tell us a tale of wonder. They recall
To Fancy's vision many a lordly scene,
What time chivalrous, England's virgin queen
Grac'd martial tournament, and festive hall,
A sovereign and a guest! Instructive pile!
We learn, while musing 'mid thy ruin'd mass,
The story of thy former greatness—while
On every breeze there comes a voice which
says,
"Though earthly grace and grandeur have their
day,
Their night, like thine, will come—their darkness
and decay!"

SONNET,

Written at the Tomb of Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon.

A woman votary of the tuneful nine,
To Shakespeare's tomb a pilgrim I repair,
To yield the mind's deep adoration there,
And bow the knee at wisdom's proudest shrine!
Lo! where both linger'd, lost in wonder's maze,
The keen of prince, and the glance of poet—
Lo! where have pens'd, in reverential gaze,
The good and great of other climes and years—
Bend I, great shade! submissively to pay
The undign'd homage of one grateful heart,
To whom thy magic pages doth portray
The boundless realms of nature and of art!
Allow this lowly tribute to the fume
Which shall to every age transmit thy honour'd
name!

BRIDWELL BOYS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—I was pleased to see, under your article, "The Topographer," in No. 98 of the MIRROR, the account of Bridewell. It brought back to my recollection times of old, when the "Bridewell Boys," the apprentices to "Arts'-masters," were persons of no small consequence. Within my memory they were a formidable body, all dressed alike, in a round jacket and large trousers of blue cloth, and a large round hat, of a drab colour. They had an engine, with which they attended at fires; and whether they, with their engine, came first or last, they would always have the best place—frequently fighting

for it, and, I believe, always obtaining it. In some respects they were a set of sad dogs. An account of their manners, conduct, &c. would not only be interesting, but highly useful, as an example of manners sixty years ago.

Some of your readers can, perhaps, furnish the particulars, as well as the reason for their dress, &c. being discontinued, and their engine being no longer seen in the streets.

AN OLD COCKNEY.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.ASHANTEE WARFARE—
DESTRUCTION OF EMPEROU.

ON the first invasion of Fantee, the inhabitants of Emperou observed an unfortunate neutrality, but afterwards joined a Caboccer, named Quasi Beni, and made a stand. M. Dupuis, who omits no opportunity of vindicating or excusing the conduct of the King of Ashantee, states, that he sent messengers promising protection of life and property, if they would submit, but the Emperous refused.

The order was now given to exterminate the population of every town, and raze the houses to their foundations; and in conformity with this resolution a body of troops was detached against Emperou, with orders not to spare an inhabitant of either sex. In the mean time the Fantee troops, assisted by the inhabitants and their auxiliaries, assembled to the number of many thousands, and by vigilance succeeded in cutting off some reconnoitring parties of the enemy. Too much elated by this success, they at length determined upon the plan of endeavouring to intercept the communication between the detachment and the king's head-quarters. They separated their men into two bodies, one of which being left to guard the town, the other made a circuitous march to the westward, and fell unexpectedly upon the flank and rear of their adversaries. No happy consequences attended the action; it would appear, from accounts of the survivors, that neither party was prepared for the rencontre. The Ashantees, however, lost no time in sounding the alarm, rallying their forces, and recalling the advanced guard to their assistance, while the Fantees, even before the onset were appalled. In this state of eventful inactivity, it is said, the main bodies of the Fantees remained passive spectators during a distant skirmish between their own

vanguard and a detachment of the enemy. At last the Ashantees advanced with a shout, which struck a decided panic in their favour; the Fantees soon fled outright, and, with some loss, rejoined their comrades at Emperou. Notwithstanding this check, the inhabitants as the Ashantees approached, suffered themselves to be led out to battle. The united force of the Fantees is stated to have greatly outnumbered their enemies, and a battle of the most sanguinary complexion ensued, at the distance of a mile from the town. The first charge of the Ashantees was severely checked, and they were driven back upon the main body with slaughter. The enemy, however, was too well disciplined to allow the Fantees to improve upon their advantage, and a murderous firing succeeded the onset, in which the Ashantees, from superior celerity, had the advantage. Still, however, the Fantees maintained their ground, with a degree of intrepidity not undeserving of record, as it is perhaps a solitary instance during this war of their valour and resolution. On a sudden, volleys of musketry announced an attack on their rank and rear, supported by the king in person. This unexpected charge decided the fortune of the day, for the Fantees now retreated with precipitation, while their enemies rushed on, and strewed the forest with indiscriminate carnage. Before the retreating army could regain the town, it was doomed to cut a passage through an opposing body of the enemy, who were at that critical period in possession of many of the houses; despair assisted their efforts, and their enemies were either cut to pieces or trampled under foot. The town itself, which was already in flames, afforded no protection against the murderous assaults of their pursuers. In this hopeless state, several of the caboceros, after destroying their property, their wives, and children, put an end to their own existence; whilst the people, endeavouring to fly from the scene of carnage, were intercepted and butchered, or cast headlong amidst the burning houses. To sum up the horrors of this barbarous scene, every house was entered with fire and sword, and the inhabitants of both sexes destroyed. It is said, that, with the exception only of about one hundred people, who fled before the town was assaulted, not a soul escaped from the calamity. These particulars were narrated by my two guides, who were in that conflict.

The walls stood in many places erect, exhibiting the action of fire, which, by vitrifying the clayey composition, had preserved the ruins from dissolution. The surface of the earth was whitened in parti-

cular spots, with ashes, and bleached human bones and skulls, forming a distressing portrait of African warfare. In crossing the opening, some of the Fantees, by way of diversion, pointed to the relics, saying jocosely, they were Ashantee trophies: the Ashantees retorted the jest upon their fellow-travellers with equal good humour, and all parties were indifferent at a retrospection so paralyzing to humanity.—*Dupuis' Journal of a Residence in Ashantee.*

ON A FINE HOUSE, BUILT BY A LAWYER.

The lawyer's house, if I have rightly read,
Is built upon the fool and madman's head.

ON THE LAW.

UNHAPPY Chremes, neighbour to a peer,
Kept half his sheep, and fatted half his deer;
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke;

At last resolv'd his potent foe to awe,
And guard his right, by statute and by law—
A suit in Chancery the wretch began;
Nine happy terms through bill and answer run,
Obtain'd his cause and costs, and was undene.

From cannibals thou fly'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give:
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do it alive.

Poetical Note Book.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

KEW.

Kew has to contend with all the disadvantages of a flat surface; like Versailles, too, the soil was swampy and ungrateful: the wealth of a nation drained and fertilized both. It however has been so contrived, that a great diversity of scenery is exhibited. The pleasure-grounds are ornamented with several (too many) temples, &c. (one Gothic, one in the Arabesque or Turkish style, and one in the Venetian.) The principal of these is a magnificent Pagoda, in imitation of a Chinese building. It is 49 feet in diameter at the base, and 163 in height. It is accordingly a very conspicuous object in a flat country, as the view is not intercepted by adjacent hills, and it is far too high to be concealed by the adjoining shrubbery. The green-house is 142 feet long, 25 high, and 30 broad. The exotic garden was established in the year 1760, by the Princess Dowager, from whom his present Majesty has imbibed a taste for botany. The pleasure-grounds, about 120 acres in extent, were begun by the late Prince of Wales, and finished under the eye of the Princess Dowager, who took great delight in this spot.

PARIS IN 1818.

- 1,100 Streets.
 10 Lanes.
 111 Passages.
 32 Quays.
 18 Boulevards.
 87 Places.
 31 Squares.
 131 Culs de Sac.
 10 Public Promenades.
 56 Barriers.
 16 Gates.
 16 Bridges.
 10 Halls.
 28 Markets.
 9 Basins.
 13 Barracks.
 12 Palaces.
 2 Cathedrals (Notre Dame, and St. Genevieve.)
 38 Churches.
 4 Temples.
 5 Colleges.
 15 Hospitals.
 9 Other Charitable Foundations.
 And 10 Theatres.

PICTURE.

On tiptoe, laughing like the blue-eyed May,
 And looking a-slant, where a spoil'd urchin strives
 (In vain) to reach the flowers she holds on high,
 Stands a young girl fresh as the dawn, with all
 Her bright hair given to the golden sun!

There standeth she whom Midnight never saw,
 Nor Fashion stared on with its arrogant eye,
 Nor gallant tempted;—beautiful as youth;
 Waisted like Hebe; and with Dian's step,
 As she, with sandals newly laced, would rise
 To hunt the fawn through woods of Thessaly.
 —From all the garden of her beauty nought
 Has flown; no rose is thwarted by pale hours;
 But on her living lip bright crimson hangs,
 And in her cheek the flushing morning lies,
 And in her breath the odorous hyacinth.

New Monthly Magazine.

JAMES II. AND HIS SECOND QUEEN.

HER Majesty, after the accession, took certain courtiers under her especial protection; and it was craftily insinuated by one* of them, "that the friends and relations of the king's first wife (Anne, dutchess of York) as Rochester, Clarendon, Dartmouth, and others, were in greatest favour, and in possession of the best places; while her friends, though she was queen consort, were but slenderly provided for; and her friends being reckoned to be Lord Sunderland, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Churchill, they began to play their private batteries against each other."

* Lord Sunderland.

DR. JOHNSON.

THE following anecdote of Dr. Johnson is related on the authority of Miss W——, of the South House, who was intimate with both Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. On a certain occasion, at Mrs. Thrale's, at Streatham, some new piece in verse, on Scottish scenery, was to be rehearsed and criticised. The whole literary coterie were assembled—Johnson at their head; but, unfortunately, he was in one of his irritable and untractable fits, and had slept none the preceding night. The reader had proceeded to a florid description of the river which flowed near the birth-place of Smollet, on which the poet thus sings—

Not cause thou gav'st to Roderic Random
 birth—
 Thy streams shall flow when partial Smollet's
 dead,
 The bard forgotten, and his works unread.

At the conclusion of this line, Johnson rose from his chair with a *growl*, repeated aloud, and in rhyme—

This man had better been asleep in bed.

The farther reading of the verses was instantly postponed to another opportunity.—*Monthly Magazine.*

The Nobelist.

No. LVIII.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS—A GAELIC LEGEND.

By Mrs. Grant.

THE Laird of D—— had no surviving male issue except twins, whose right of primogeniture could not be ascertained.—Their form and features so exactly resembled, that during infancy their nearest relatives could not distinguish one from the other. As they grew up, the expression of their countenances marked the difference to discerning eyes. He who was accounted the junior contemplated all objects of interest with ferocious eagerness, or, if his passions found less excitement, deep traces of cunning lurked in his contracted brow. Niel, though high-spirited and manly, was gentle as the deep river, which, though at times it may overflow, never sweeps the plain with irrecoverable devastation. When roused to just resentment he could be appeased by moderate concessions, and by him no service was forgotten or unpaid.

Both brothers grew up majestic in stature and supereminent in prowess for their immature years; but ere they at-

tained the age for appearing at the head of their father's clansmen, he suddenly expired.

By the advice of a crafty nurse, the younger had secretly prepared for an event which, by the course of nature, could not be far distant; and, abetted by the desperadoes of many tribes, seized the Castle of D—, and the circumjacent lands. The neighbouring proprietors, indignant at this violence, interposed, insisting that, should not the claims be amicably adjusted before a certain day, the battle-axe must decide the contest; and as these decrees were enforced by the presence of armed followers, there could be no appeal. The usurper had his retainers already in warlike array, and the rightful heir, who had been driven to a smaller estate some miles to the south, was so beloved by the vassals of his late sire, that the most valiant and worthiest hastened to his banner, erected on the sands, opposite to his hereditary domain. The usurper and his bands drew up within view, and each host waited the signal for onset; to be given by the umpires, who with weaponed multitudes had posted themselves on the surrounding hills.

Attended only by two sons of his foster-parents, the reputed elder brother advanced to the front ranks of his antagonist, demanding a parley. The usurper sent a spokesman to say, he came not to exchange words but blows.

"I desire to spare the blood of a brother, and of my people," said Niel. "I have not forgotten our promise to my father, never to raise an arm against each other; and he denounced a malediction to him who could be so unnatural. I would not grieve nor offend his spirit for all the lands from sea to sea."

The usurper sent for answer, that he scorned, like Niel, to shelter cowardice under a pretence so poor, and warned him to expect no mercy.

"Since no choice is left me but to disquiet the shade of my father, or to give up my right," said Niel, "let my brother keep the castle and lands he iniquitously holds. My gallant men are two to one, their battle-axes gleam bright in the sunbeams, and justice and honour nerve their brawny limbs; and, lo! the invincible Chieftain of Mull, with his berlins, covers the bay. I was not suspected of cowardice when my happy arm saved the hero who now comes to risk his life in my cause; but since, in obedience to my father, I promised peace to my brother, the peace of his halls shall never be invaded by me."

Niel dispatched messengers to the Chieftain of Mull, and to the several

umpires, to announce his fixed determination. The woods resounded, the echoing caverns of the mountains prolonged loud acclamations to the magnanimous youth, and his own warriors returned the shout of triumph more noble than the defeat of enemies.

When the pealing voices subsided, Niel modestly said, "No applause belongs to me, but the humble merit of listening to good counsel from these my foster brothers. Like us they are twins; but at the demise of their father, their only conflict aimed to compel each other to accept some advantage."

From this period the Chieftain of Mull and the Laird of D— became sworn brothers. They exchanged their first-born sons, that the boys reared in the respective castles of their adopted parents might have two fathers and two mothers, and have their hearts knit in the bonds of fraternal love.

The usurper of D— lived childless. He perished in a broil on the spot where he refused to compromise with his brother. His vassals rejoiced in coming under a head who never had been known to stretch his prerogative, nor neglect the meanest of his dependants. He died, leaving many sons, whose friendship strengthened the generous power of his successor.

The Chieftain of Mull also gave place to the heir of his large heart and mighty hand; but a misunderstanding between him and Mac-Callanmore menaced his isle with fire and sword. The redoubtable superior assembled his adherents on the main land within sight of Dowart. All appeared in martial accoutrements, except the intrepid Laird of D—, who presented himself with only three attendants.

"I cannot draw a brand against the chief, whose mother bestowed upon me the first sustenance," said he; "and she that gave me birth nourished his infancy."

"Then," said Mac-Callanmore, "when I have chastised M'Lean, I turn my weapons against you and yours."

"Be it so, since nothing but a breach of honour can save us. An everlasting bond of friendship must be held sacred, at the peril of life, and of all that is dearest in existence."

His father's foster-brother, with locks like the silvery spray, breaking over a rocky shore, and his manly sons in the prime of youth, were all that the Laird of D— took from his castle. The venerable father heard the threats of Mac-Callanmore, and borrowed a boat that his sons might hasten to collect the clansmen, to meet opposite to Dowart next day. Favoured by darkness, he passed

over to tell M'Lean the danger incurred for his sake.

"It will not avail me to ruin my friend," said M'Lean. "Forty berlines ride before my castle; take them, and tell your Laird, if he loves me, to save his ancient house from desolation."

By day-break, the second morn, Mac-Callanmore marshalled his forces.

"Whence came these well-appointed berlines? They bear the ensigns of D—," said Mac-Callanmore.

"They were sent me by M'Lean, and he beseeched me, if I loved him, to save my ancient house from desolation."

"He has saved himself," responded the high-souled Mac-Callanmore. Do you exhort him to pay the feudal dues, not to my prowess, but to his own honour, and let me make a third in your heroic friendship. As for you, D—, who, supported by only three followers, came to maintain the faith of noble amity, I shall ever hold you up as a bright example, that it is the part of a great and wise man valiantly to confront evils, rather than to skulk, as you might have remained within the walls of your own castle."

Select Biography.

No. XV.

THEODORE, KING OF CORSICA.

A GREAT deal of false sympathy has been manifested respecting Theodore, King of Corsica, who was a mere adventurer, and that sort of the most honorable class.

Theodore Anthony, Baron Newhoff, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession (of adventurers) who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corsica, was born at Metz, about the year 1696; and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. "I saw him," says Walpole, "soon after his last arrival: he was a comely, middle-aged man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry. An instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where, being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for, and carried it to him. Being apprised of their coming, and having only one chamber, in

a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity."

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Countess of Yarmouth, and others; and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he did not behave well, and they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when a paper (written by Walpole) in the *World* was published, for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it, and sent to his prison. He pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he said, amounted to one thousand five hundred pounds. He sent in a few days to Dodaley, the publisher of the *World*, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being refused, he sent a lawyer to Dodaley, to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions.

In May 1756, an extraordinary event happened.—Theodore, a man who had actually reigned, was reduced to take the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and printed the following petition in the *Public Advertiser*:—

"An Address to the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain, in behalf of Theodore, Baron De Newhoff."

"The Baron, through a long imprisonment, being reduced to very great extremities, his case is earnestly recommended for a contribution to be raised, to enable him to return to his own country, having obtained his liberty by the late Act of Parliament. In the late war in Italy, the Baron gave manifest proofs of his affection for England; and as the motives of his coming here are well known, it is hoped all true friends to freedom will be excited to assist a brave, though unfortunate man, who wishes to have an opportunity of testifying his gratitude to the British nation.

"Those who are pleased to contribute on this occasion, are desired to deposit their benefactions in the hands of Sir Charles Asgill, Alderman, and Company, bankers, in Lombard-street; or with Messrs. Campbell and Coutts, bankers, in the Strand."

Theodore, however, remained in the liberties of the prison till December, 1756, when, taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's, in Audley-street; but

not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed upon the chairmen to carry him to a tailor's, in Chapel-street, Soho, who having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, lodged him in his house. Theodore fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of St. Anne, in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances attended him to the last. His manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guildhall, to demand the benefit of the Act, he was asked, "What effects he had?" he answered, "Nothing but the kingdom of Corsica." It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

So singular a destiny was thought worthy a memorial, that might point out the chief adventures, and even the place of interment, of this remarkable personage. Mr. Horace Walpole, his friend and benefactor, erected a marble near his grave, with a crown, taken from one of his coins, bearing the following inscription:—

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish, Dec. 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving the
King's Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency;
In consequence of which, he registered
His kingdom of Corsica,
For the use of his Creditors.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings,
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves, and
kings:

But Theodore, this moral learn'd ere dead;
Fate pour'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him
bread.

F. R.—Y

Miscellanies.

STATUARY COBLER.

(For the Mirror.)

IN an old church, in the town of Truro, in Cornwall, there is a large massive monument, which is erected to the memory of John Roberts, Esq. who died in 1674. It was originally decorated with several figures; and having fallen into decay, was a few years since repaired, by order of Miss H—, of Landerick, a descendant of the family. When it was finished, the mason presented an account, of which the following is a literal copy:—
"To putting one new foot to Mr. John Roberts, mending the other, and putting seven new buttons to his coat, and a new

string to his breeches knees,—to new fast to his wife Phillis, mending her eyes, and putting a new nosegay in her hand,—to two new hands, and a new nose to the captain,—to two new hands to his wife; and putting a new cuff to her gown,—to making and fixing two new wings on Time's shoulders, making a new guest tee, mending the handle of his sceptre, and putting a new blade to it." All of which items are severally drawn out, and balanced by pounds, shillings, and pence.

GOSSIP'S BRIDLE.

THERE is, in the venerable church of Walton-on-Thames, a curious instrument, presented to the parish about a century and a half ago, by a person of some consequence at that time, whose name was Chester. It was intended to be worn as a punishment by the false swearer, who had been guilty of defamation, and whose tongues engendered mischief. It is of singular construction, and when fixed, one part enters the mouth, which prevents the possibility of articulation. It bears this inscription, "Chester presents Walton with a bridle, to curb women's tongues who talk idle;" and its presentation arose from the circumstance of the individual, whose name it bears, losing a valuable estate, through the instrumentality of a gossiping lying woman.

MODERN PHRASES.

KILLING an innocent man in a duel (according to the present phraseology) is called, an affair of honour; violating the rights of wedlock, an affair of gallantry; defrauding honest tradesmen, out-running the constable; reducing a family to beggary by gaming, shaking the elbows; a drunkard, the worst of all livers, is, a don vicieux; disturbing a whole street, and breaking a watchman's head, a midnight frolic; exposing some harmless personage to insults, vanities, and losses, a good hoax; uttering deliberate falsehoods, shooting the long bow, &c. &c.

RIVER SPECTACLES.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

I FIND, in an American paper, the following notice, respecting the invention of an useful instrument, which the inventor had named, River Spectacles. It is a tube, which may be varied in length as

occasion may require. The diameter at top, where the eye is applied, is about an inch. There is a gradual enlargement of the tube to the centre, where the diameter is ten times that of the other extremity. There is a glass at each end. The tube is intended to examine the bottom of rivers, lakes, &c. The great reason why we cannot see with the naked eye through the water, is the effect of reflection, and refraction at the moment light falls upon the surface. This glass overcomes the difficulty, in transporting the sight as it were to the dense centre of the water, where it takes advantage of the light in the water, and is carried in a straight line as it is in the air. To make use of the apparatus during the night, they place lights all round the centre of the cylinder, which are shorter as they descend to the base of the tube. These lights throw a strong light around, and enable the inspector to see distinctly the bottom of the river.

THE TABLE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE English, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had only two stated meals a day, dinner and supper: the former at nine in the forenoon, the latter at five in the afternoon. These hours, besides being convenient for business, were supposed to be friendly to health and long life, according to the following verses, which were then often repeated:—

Lever a cinq, diner a neuf
Souper a cinq, coucher a neuf,
Fait vivre d'ans nousante et neuf.

To rise at seven, to dine at nine,
To sup at five, to bed at nine,
Makes a man live to ninety-nine.

We are not, however, on that account to imagine, that they were either enemies or strangers to the pleasures of the table. On the contrary, they had not only a variety of dishes, but these, too, consisted of the most delicate kinds of food, and were dressed in the richest and most costly manner. Thomas a Becket is said to have given five pounds, equivalent to seventy-five pounds at present, for one dish of eels. The Monks of St. Swithins, at Winchester, made a formal complaint to Henry II. against their Abbot, for taking away three, of the thirteen dishes, they used to have every day at dinner.—The Monks of Canterbury were still more luxurious, for they had at least seventeen dishes every day, besides a dessert; and these dishes were dressed with spices and sauces, which excited the appetite, as well as pleased the taste.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

AMBITION ESTIMATED.

BLEST be the prince who have fought
For pompous names or wide dominion,
Since by their errors we are taught
That happiness lies in opinion.

A MODERN JEHU.

TRY now, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou'rt wont to drive,
I heard thy half-starv'd coachman say,
It cost you more for whips than hay.

EPIGRAM.

REVEAL, my good Sir John, I pray,
Why does your lady's teeth decay?
Although she's yet in beauty's flower,
My Lord, 'tis this, I have no doubt,
It is her tongue that wears them out,
She never lets it rest an hour.

It was once a custom in Germany, when a woman was convicted of adultery, for the husband to assemble their mutual relations, and, in their presence, to cut her hair close off, strip her naked, and then whip her from one end of the village to the other. When once a woman had sustained this punishment, an indelible disgrace was fixed upon her; no after conduct, however virtuous and unblameable, could restore her lost character, or remove the foul stigma. No temptation could persuade a man acquainted with this fact to unite himself with her, though fortune, youth, and beauty all combined to allure him to it.

Æ. C.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

THANKS now, and answers in our next. Dr. Bruno, one of the medical attendants on Lord Byron, has published a letter in answer to the account of the last moments of the bard, which has appeared in the *Minerva*. The Doctor's object is to vindicate his professional character; in doing which, he says he recommended bleeding, but Mr. Millingen, the other surgeon attending his Lordship, put it off from day to day, until it was too late. If, however, Dr. Bruno had sufficient confidence in his own skill, he should not have suffered it to be defeated by an inferior practitioner.

In answer to more than one inquiry, we deem it necessary to state, that Nos. 88, 89, and 90, of the *Minerva*, are devoted exclusively to the life, recollections, anecdotes, &c. of Lord Byron, and contain an elegantly engraved portrait of his Lordship on steel, and a view (from an original drawing) of the church in which his remains were deposited.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.